

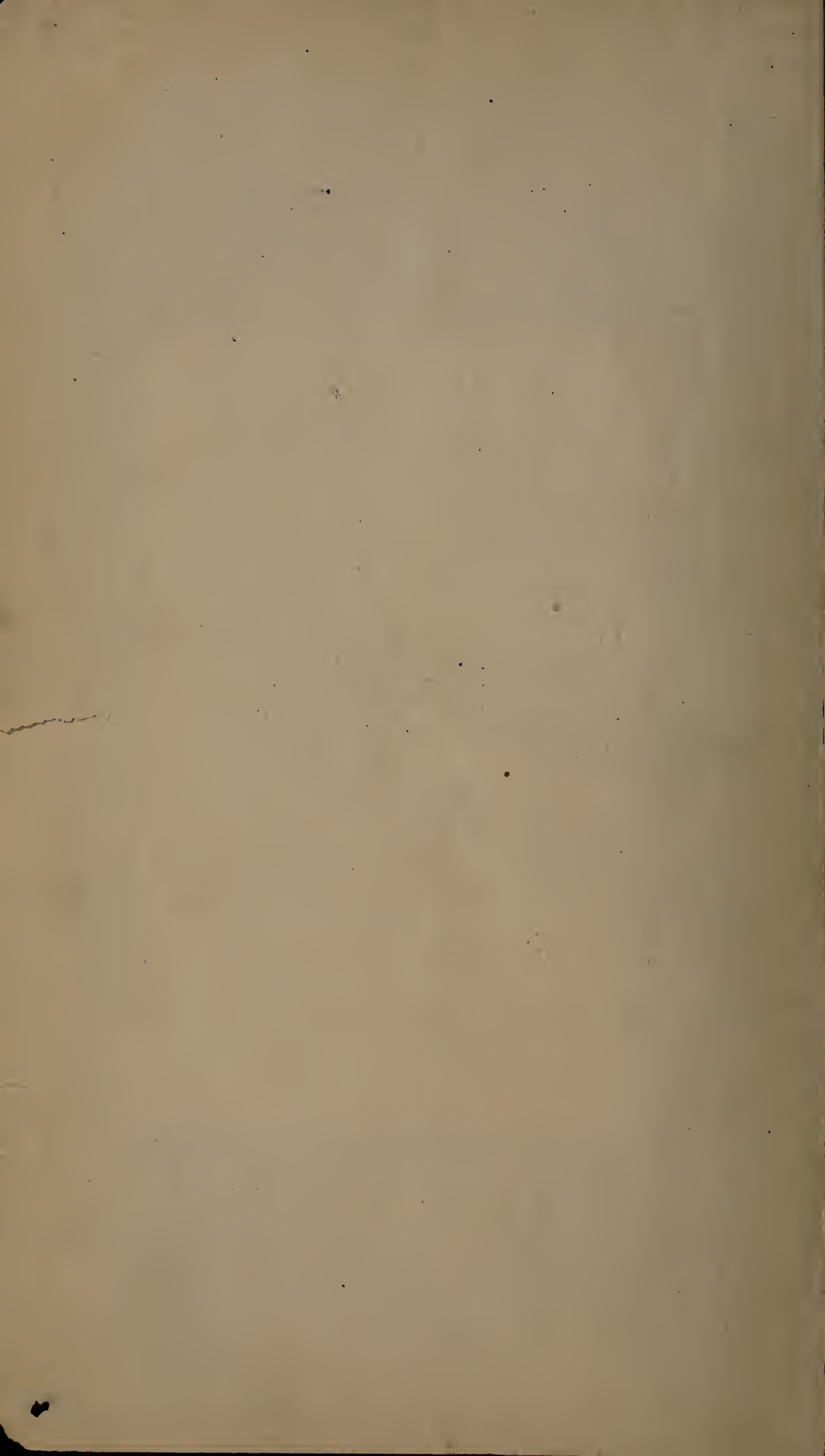


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"A faithful snapper-up of every thing about Tirrell."—*Herald*.

ECENTRICITIES & ANECDOTES

OF

ALBERT JOHN TIRRELL,

The Paramour and Reputed Murderer of the

BEAUTIFUL MARIA BICKFORD,

Who met her Untimely Fate on the night of the
25th October, 1845, in the Moral and Religious
City of Boston.



[Daguerreotype of Tirrell, by Plumbe.]

WITH AN

Appendix, presenting the most authentic

**EVIDENCE CONCERNING THE
MURDER.**

BY A WIDOW, OF WEYMOUTH, MASS.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE BY ALL THE PERI-
ODICAL DEALERS.

1846

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ECCENTRICITIES AND ANECDOTES OF ALBERT J. TIRRELL.

CANTO I.

In which the Omnipotence of Murder is briefly Considered.

WHEN an atrocious murder is committed in the heart of a virtuous community—when its revolting details are suddenly blazed before the eyes and sounded from the mouths of the wonder-seeking and the demure—there is a general waking up and a serious pause. And well might there be a pause! for the worm revelleth in sacrilege, and the laws of heaven are unhinged. Beautifully has it been said by a gifted country-girl who lately bade adieu to this earth, that “When the golden bowl of this travail is dashed into eternity by the hand of violence, the angels and the stars they weep—their tears are the tears of blood.”

Many are the phases of murder. It was born of Cain. Its bloody footsteps have dyed the marble of the Cæsars; the green leaves of nature, far in the home of the black fox and the whip-poor-will, are reeking with its drops. In the sanctuary of the living God, and on the crucifix, and in the bed-chamber of the virgin, do we see its rusty figure and its shadow.

Behold a ship, sailing in its pride, its white sails swelling with the breeze! She rides the waves, how majestically, and she is lulled when the waves are still. She is freighted with the fruits of industry and of the land, and oh! more precious, with fair forms and hopeful hearts. Saintly are the invocations which goeth up into heaven for safety and protection. But no protecting hand cometh down therefrom, for murder is mightier than prayer. The pirate is at his banquet, and with Death shaking hands, over a bone; or mutiny growls in darkness, and virtue, innocence, life, all, are crumbled in the grasp of Murder; and the beautiful go down to their coral graves.

In the wild North, where the ice-king reigneth, reddened are the chrystal pavements. Not that the scavenger-wolf hath done his work, and laps his jaws, but a greater scourge is there.

Drink not your wine, nor dream away the hours; around you and with you the red spirit dwelleth. Arm thy soul, poor being, for he may find thee in the bosom of peace, or in the enveloping clouds of strife; with thy maiden in adultery, or with thy wife, revengeful and despairing.

How noble are thy mountains, how deep are thy valleys, how broad are thy glassy lakes and rivers, my native land. Tuneful melody is on them and over them, and there is joy when the summer light is breaking in from the East. Oh! it was fashioned wisely by the Unseen Architect. But why is there grief, and bereavement, and murder, every where?

It must be, that this life, this world, is as a crucible; and out of the mysteries of woe and trial, cometh the purified soul, with wings rising to God, leaving care, and dross, and murder below.

CANTO II.

The Murderer's Letter to his Mother.

NEW ORLEANS, December 9th, 1845.

MY INJURED MOTHER: I write to you from the black walls of a New Orleans dungeon. Supposing that you, of all others, are anxious to hear from me, I lose no time in communicating all that has befallen me since I fled from Weymouth. I thought that if I could elude the bloodhounds who were on my track, by taking to the sea, I would be safe. But, alas! it is not so. The moment we came in sight of land, off the Belize, an accursed man came on board and made search for me. My present despairing situation tells too truly that his vigilance was successful.

I left Weymouth five days after my last painful interview with you and my dear wife. I knew the fiends of the Boston police were after me. I lay concealed in the woods, between two and three miles from you, three days and three nights, (the precise period Jonah was in the whale's belly,) part of the time under a large pile of brush, and the remainder in the hollow trunk of the old tree, where you advised me to hide myself. While I was there, my dear brother, whom I have wronged so often and so deeply, came to me with some new clothing, and comforted me with some wine and many kind words. He came the last time with a horse and chaise, and we started for Newport. I was near fainting with fatigue and fear. It was pitchy dark, and the rain fell in torrents. I soon began to feel better and breathe freer, and tried to drive away my sorrows with fun. I told him that this seemed to me like a devil's ride to hell. But I could not frighten him out of the horrors. We reached Newport just before daylight, where I was instantly concealed in the bar-room of my old friend and associate W., and received all the kindness and attention I wanted, until the steamboat came along for New York. I went on board, disguised in false gray hair and whiskers, and changed my name. I was not even looked at suspiciously. Reaching New York in good season the next day, I went straight to the house of another trusty friend, who lives there, and told him all that was in the wind. He behaved like a hero; and said if any police bloodhound came there he should not go away alive.

How good he was! A friend in need is a friend indeed. We consulted about what was best to be done. I proposed to go to France. He objected to this strenuously, and related to me how many of his old cronies had formerly gone there, and how they were all sent after and brought back. Then he went out and bought a new map of Texas, Oregon, and California, and explained the situation of those countries to me.

"Tirrell, my boy," said he, "this is what you want. Here is a map of three countries, wherein the devil himself can't find you. There is no other decent part of the globe for you but one of these. I advise you to take California. That's the place for a brave, enterprising fellow, like yourself. Get off there and you will have every thing your own

way. I have lately been talking with my associates of the Empire Club about that country, and at our next meeting the president of that dignified body of freemen will submit a plan for the conquest of this Pacific paradise. When we say a thing in that club, it is done. No human power can prevent. No political aspirant or officer in the Union dare gainsay what we say. I will flame out with a speech on the subject, and we shall carry our way through triumphantly. Once set in motion by the unterrified, unyielding fellows of our club, the people at large will keep the ball rolling until California is ours. It can be done in less than ten years. Now, Tirrell, you see there are, as yet, but a few of our hardy sons emigrating there. Whoever gets there first, and makes a footing, will, if he manages well his part, be able to rise on the tide of emigration as it comes rolling in; and who knows but what Albert J. Tirrell, now fleeing from the petty consequences of a contemptible murder of a prostitute, may yet hail, by another name, as the first honored governor, representative, or senator, of that now neglected garden of the globe, California?"

This struck me as a most feasible and statesmanlike idea. I immediately assented to it, and we set about devising the best method by which I might evade pursuit while within the reach of our laws. We decided that the safest way for me would be to ship for New Orleans in a vessel called the Sultana, then just unfurling her sails for that port. My friend very generously purchased me a six-barrelled pistol and a Bowie knife, that I might protect myself in case of any trouble. Hope seemed now to lighten the weight of my guilt and grief, and I never felt more cheerful in my life. I left him, and went on board. We stood out to sea that evening, with a fair wind and a clear sky.

As usual with those who have always lived on the land, I soon grew very sea-sick. I tumbled about, without caring what I said or did. From the questions which the passengers often put to me, I judged that I must at times have muttered some incoherent language about Maria. They stared at me wherever I went, and whispered at my back. I kept my pistol barrels well prepared for the worst, and would have shot down the captain himself, had he attempted to take me into custody. On the third day after leaving New York there arose a mighty storm, which greatly threatened our destruction. It abated not for seventeen hours. The waves ran mountain high; our vessel reeled like a drunken man; and every lurch she made was accompanied by wild and frightful screams, both from the females and the men. I sat in the after cabin, resting my elbows on a table, my face buried in my hands. About twelve o'clock that night a sea broke over our quarter with such a tremendous sweep that our lights were all extinguished in an instant, and some of the passengers were thrown from their berths. I felt satisfied that the next lurch would take us to the bottom. At that moment I heard a dismal moaning, precisely like that which Maria uttered in her last gasp. Again and again I heard it—that terrible, remorseless noise! I did not look up, for it was dark. Then came a different sound, like the sudden rustling of silks. I trembled, mother, I know not why, *for I am not guilty of her death*. The rustling was succeeded by a voice which called to me,

“Albert! Albert!! Albert!!!”

I could not be mistaken in that voice. I looked up, for I felt that she was near, the murdered one! It was dark, but I saw her—I saw her, the murdered one! Her robes were white, and her throat was gaping

at me ; I thought it had a tongue ! I made an effort to go on deck ; I meant to climb into the rigging ; but I did not move—chains bound me down—*they were not the shackles of guilt, for I did not kill her !* She spoke again :

“Albert, poor mortal ! I am before thee now, I am with thee evermore ! On the waters, on the land—in dungeons, and on the gallows—wherever thou mayst be, there am I. I am with thee evermore !”

Ah, mother ! in this dismal dungeon she *is* before me now. *She sits by my table when I eat ! By my side lays she when I lay down to sleep !* I can elude the pursuit of men ; I can break their bars and bolts, and escape from their accursed dominion—but how, oh God ! shall I fly this AWFUL PRESENCE ?

The storm abated, and the waves were still at last, but there came no peace to my fevered soul. Stupor and dreams were mine—such as thou never dreamest, mother ! Days glide away, but there she is, the same as in life. When I regained my courage I attempted to spurn her from me, as I had often done while she lived. But she neither avoided my companionship nor recoiled at my frown. It was impossible to awe or to shun her. We grew familiar, the ghost and I, and she laughed when I did, and when I did not. No sicklied offspring of the silly brain was she ; eternity was on her brow, and the living God looked out from her eyes. When she saw that I quailed before her gaze, she mocked me until I sank into a stupor, chilling and deathful. She was a blister to me, which no force could tear away. She was to my sight as those creatures which, from their very loathsomeness, are fearful as well as despicable to us. I yearned to strangle her when she addressed me. Often would I have laid my hand on her and hurled her into the sea among the sharks, which, lynx-eyed and eager-jawed, swam night and day around our ship—but the gaze of many was upon us, and I curbed my anger, and turned away, and shut my eyes in very sickness. When I opened them again, lo ! she was before me, laughing at my calamity. Her sharp, quick voice grated, in its prying, torturing accents, on my loathing and repugnant ear. One night, sinking in heaviness and despair upon the deck, I thought the ship had struck upon a rock. I heard the oaths of the sailors. It was a ghastly, but, oh Christ ! how glorious a sight. Moonlight, still and calm—the sea sleeping in sapphire, and in the midst of the silent and soft repose of all things, forty-four souls were to perish from the world. I sat apart and looked on, and aided not. An adder’s hiss came into my ear ; I turned and saw again the form of that tormenting presence ; the moonlight was on her face, and it grinned with the maudlin grin of intoxication, and her pale blue eye glistened as she said,

“I am with you, and we will not part, even here.”

CANTO III.

Continuation of the Confessions.

My blood ran coldly, and I would have thrown her into the sea, which now came fast and fast upon us—but *the moonlight was on her and I did not dare to kill her*. It ran in my mind that I would not remain to perish with the poor creatures all around me, and that I threw myself alone from the vessel, and swam towards a rock. I saw a shark dart after me, but I shunned him, and a moment after he had plenty to sate his maw. A crash went through the still air, and all disappeared beneath the surface of the water. I sang a joyful anthem, and said in my heart,

“*She has gone down with the rest, and we have parted!*”

I gained the shore, and lay down to sleep. (This is not real, you know.) The next morning displayed to my view a beautiful land—the California of my hopes. The rising sun laughed with streams of silver; trees were bending with golden and purple fruits, and the diamond dew sparkled on the tufted flowers; the sea, without a vestige of the past destruction upon its glassy face, murmured at my feet. I rose with a refreshed and light heart; I traversed the home I had found; my soul revelled with delight as I gazed around, and I cried in my exultation,

“God is good! I have shunned her at last!”

Ere these words were cold on my lips, Maria danced in front of me as a spirit danceth, (but *you have never seen one, mother,*) and grinned as she had grinned before.

“Ha! ha! Albert, Albert! Not thus wilt thou escape me. We are together still!”

I found a cave near by, and I walked down into it. That creature followed in my very track, keeping time with my pace. Said she nothing, nor did I. My lip trembled, and my hand clenched of its own accord. I sat down, and by me sat she.

“We will live happily in this grotto—we will never separate!” said the avenging presence, with a gaping throat. And then she flung her cold arms about me. I would sooner have felt the slimy folds of a snake!

Hunger was now upon me, for I had not tasted food for five long days. I went out and killed a fat coon, and brought it home, and broiled it on a fire of fragrant wood; and Maria she ate, and crunched, and laughed, and I wished that the bones had choked her, but I held my thoughts. I grew faint with despair, and I stretched myself in a corner of the cave, and by my side laid she. But I found that sleep was murdered. Gently I rose, and without noise, while the ghost was yet in slumber; and I went out and rolled a huge stone to the mouth of the cavern, and I changed the course of a little brook so that it ran through the crevices, and filled the cave with water. When I saw that the cave was full, I stretched forth my hands to God in heartfelt prayer.

With footsteps fleet and a bounding heart, I made my course through groves of orange and pomegranate, for an hundred miles. Then I built me a cabin of logs, and I made a bed of moss and leaves, and I wrought

a table of wood, and I sat in the door and looked out on the storm-driven waves, and said in my exultation,

“*Now I am alone!*”

When the next day came I again was hungered, and I went out and treed a coon, and brought it in, and broiled it as before, but I could not eat; so I roamed forth over the mountains of the new land, and gazed on the sublime and beautiful. In redness was the sun setting when I returned. I entered my humble shelter, and lo! sitting on my bed, and by my table, was the pale ghost whom I thought I had drowned in the cavern. She laughed from her throat when she saw me, and laid down the bone she was gnawing.

“Ha! ha! Albert, that was a rare device of thine; but not with earthly method shalt thou encompass me. To and fro, under the earth and over it, every where, am I. We will *never* part!”

CANTO IV.

In which the Murderer endeth his Confessions.

I SAW that my schemes were as a web of chalk. Still, true to my nature, while life remained within me, I determined to thwart and exterminate that tormenting ghost. I had the will and the power to thwart her while she lived—why may I not have it now that she is dead?

I said to the pale one, “Rise, and follow me.”

My edict was obeyed. The ghost rose up majestically, and motioned with her hand that she would follow. I went out and climbed a high cliff, at the base of which meandered the Gaberne river, whose waters were of a deep blue color, and whose serpentine course divided two vast and fertile plains.

“Look around,” said I; “you see that stream which divides the country. You shall dwell on one side, and I on the other; but the same cabin shall not hold us, nor the same feast supply. You may tame, and kill, and eat your own coons, but you shall have no more of mine.”

“Ha! ha! that may not be, Albert. I am thine now; I am with thee evermore. I cannot dwell with strangers on the earth; they rebel against my society in heaven. I cannot catch the sly coon; and goats there are none; and the lambs I will not sacrifice, for they are pure in the sight of God.”

“Are there not fruits?” said I; “and turkeys which you may snare, and fishes which the sea throws up?”

“But I like them not,” quoth the pale thing; and she grinned with

a ghastly grin. "I part not from thee. Thou canst not reign in solitude under the blue heaven."

"Look, then!" said I, "look! By that red stone, on the other side of the stream, I will leave a fat coon daily, so that you may satiate your hunger with the food you covet from my table; but if you re-cross the stream, and come again into my kingdom, so sure as the sea murmurs, and the bird flies, I will dash thee into hell."

I descended the cliff hurriedly, for I cannot tell you how insupportable was my impatience; an instant was of more worth to me than millions of base gold. We reached the margin of the stream.

"Albert," said the pale thing, "I swim not, and I will not fly from thee."

So I plunged into the water and made across; the ghost sat on the crown of my head, and we reached the opposite shore in safety. I found her out a cave, and made her a bed and a table like my own.—Then I kneeled to the pale thing, humble as ever maiden kneeled in prayer. I supplicated her to haunt me no more. Hot were the tears which wet my cheek, for I had faith in my supplications. And the ghost, she laid her down on the bed and slept. I arose without a breath of noise and departed. When I regained my own side of the Gabernoe, I bounded with joy, and lifted up my voice,

"I shall be alone *now*; I have conquered and pacified the horrid, horrid thing!"

So twelve sweet days passed, and I *was* alone. On the thirteenth I went out for a fat coon. The noon was hot, and I was wearied when I returned. I entered my cabin, and behold! there sat the pale ghost on my bed and by my table, her throat gaping at me terribly; and she grinned, and on her forehead, more distinctly than before, I read "Eternity," and the living God looked out from her eyes.

"Ha! ha! Albert, my unhappy Albert!" said she, "I would not leave thee thus. I could not stay in Boston while you were away, so I have come to live with you in New Bedford. I've told no one where you are; they will not find you out. I am so lonely where thou art not, that I will not leave thee. I am with thee evermore."

"New Bedford!" said I; "why, you silly ghost, go home; we are ten thousand miles away from there. This is California. Go home."

"*This* is my home," said the pale thing; "the world is all a home to me."

I stamped my heel in rage; I frowned on the ghost with a dark brow, and I said, "So sure as the sea murmurs, and the bird flies, I will kill you." I tore up the foundations of my cabin, and the timbers fell on her with a great noise, so that I thought she was buried in the ruins.

Fleet as a bounding deer I left the spot—*forever!* That word has an awful sense to me. When I came to a babbling brook, I threw off my garments and laid down that the water might run over me. I felt that I was impure, and thus I might be cleansed. In this situation I sank into repose so refreshing that I desired never to awake. When I opened my eyes, lo! there the pale thing stood, bending over me in awful pity. I sprang up in my nakedness, and ran after her, thinking to strangle her in the pool where I had washed. But she glided away from my grasp, keeping just six feet from me, and no more.

"Go, then, if thou wilt, oh horrid thing!" said I, and I turned to go back to the pool. *She came after me, and assisted me to put on my clothes,* and then the sense of desolation passed into me—the vague,

vast, comfortless, objectless sense of haunting loneliness and guilt, and I shook in every limb of my strong frame as if I had been a child that trembles in the dark. My hair rose, and my blood crept stealthily, and I would not have stayed in that spot another instant, if it were to roll me back to innocence. And ever since, awake or asleep, by day or by night, in my up-rising and down-sitting, there is that ghastly and dead thing. *Eternity is on her brow, and the living God looks out from her eyes!*

Do you believe me insane, or that I am dreaming, mother? Would to God I were either! But it is all a reality—there is no more joy on this earth for me. What destiny shall I meet with in the world to come? Cease, troubled soul, and be calm! My heart is girdled around with a rusting band of iron. *Yet I did not kill her; she was her own murderer!* Why do they all say I did it?

CANTO V.

Early Eccentricities of Tirrell.—His Contempt of Mankind.—Defiance to the Lightning.—Singular Sports by the Sea-Shore.—His Annoyances at School.—His Wonderful Power over Beasts and Birds.—Trick upon a Strong Schoolmaster.

I HAVE a residence in Weymouth, about four miles distant from the family mansion of the Tirrells. In this situation I have had a favorable opportunity of hearing, and seeing, and knowing all that transpired with, or in relation to, ALBERT J. TIRRELL. And to this much will I testify, that from boyhood Albert possessed the most wonderful contrariety of characteristics that was ever known in Weymouth. Every thing about him had its opposite. If he was improvident, he was a miser; if he was kind and hospitable, he was niggardly and cruel; if he loved, he hated; if he smiled, he frowned; if he bestowed a favor upon a friend, straightway would he try to injure him.* His rigid features always

*To enable the reader more fully to comprehend the intellectual propensities of this notorious and reckless rake and libertine, we have, at the expense of much pains, obtained an accurate *Phrenological Chart of his head*, the remarkable features of which are as follows:

1. AMATIVENESS, *very large*—Sexual fondness, fills out the back of the head and neck, as in Aaron Burr.

6. COMBATIVENESS, *enormously developed*—A feeling of resistance to every object; get-out-of-my-way-iveness. Located nearly half an inch back of the top of the ears.

7. DESTRUCTIVENESS, *also very large*—Murder, cruelty, revenge, rage; walk-right-through-iveness.

wore the revengeful frown of a corsair, and he never entered my house but that his demeanor reminded me of the portrait of Nero, who fiddled at the burning of Rome, and was happy in its destruction. Still he was not always ungentle, nor was his conversation uninteresting—whatever he dwelt upon was presented in a new light to the mind of the listener. He was callous and indifferent to the reproof of his friends, and delighted to express his contempt of the “vulgar world,” and particularly the female part of it. The only trait about him that I condemned to his face, was his disgusting and obscene profanity. He had a towering will, and an overweening pride and vanity, which rendered his company most repulsive to strangers, often causing their hatred, and involving him in petty broils.

Nothing pleased Albert more, when a boy, than going out into the highway during a thunder-storm, to defy the lightning with a long wooden javelin, after the manner of Ajax. No reproofs could dissuade him from this practice; and if a carriage happened to require the use of the road at such times, he would usually, in furious wrath, hurl the formidable instrument among the legs of the horses, or at the wheels, shouting, “God damn you!” On one of these occasions he met with severe chastisement from a sturdy teamster. He was made to beg for mercy, and promise better fashions, but not before a bleeding back overruled his obstinacy and madness.

He had another favorite amusement, which was yet more singular. This was in rising before daylight, in the summer time, and strolling off to Weymouth Beach, and watching the gambols of the porpoises, which are always to be seen there in great numbers. Arriving there, the first thing he did was to gather five or six bushels of pebbles into a heap, and then begin to fling them, one by one, at the fish. This sport he often followed without abatement for a whole day and part of a night, ejaculating, as each pebble struck the water, “Another ’tarnal porpoise peppered.” As happiness in human beings was ever the source of jealousy and misery to him, so it was thought that the playfulness of the porpoise was likewise an annoyance to him.

Young Tirrell won for himself a reputation for disturbing the quiet of the Weymouth schools, and turning the masters out of doors. These feats he accomplished by various means; sometimes with a pistol charged to the muzzle, sometimes with a table leg, and at others by hurling slates and books at the masters’ heads. He carried on this conduct to such an extent that a painful anxiety about the events at school was often manifested by the neighbors all the day through. It was a common occurrence for children to be stopped and besieged with inquiries, when returning to their homes: “Well, dears, what has that devil-scamp been doing to-day?” “Has any one been knocked down,

8. APPETITE, *large*—Its abuses are gluttony, gormandising, and worship at the shrine of Bacchus.

10. SECRETIVENESS, *middling size*—Its abuses are lying, deceit, slander, hypocrisy, and backbiting; a sort of lay-low-and-keep-dark-iveness.

11. CAUTIOUSNESS, *very small*—Prudence, provision against danger, care, solicitude.

12, 15. APPROBATIVENESS AND CONSCIENTIOUSNESS, *both exceedingly small*.

18, 19. VENERATION AND BENEVOLENCE, *very small*.

20. CONSTRUCTIVENESS, *well developed*.

21. IDEALITY, *middling size*.

22. IMITATION, *the ruling development on the head of Tirrell*—A disposition to mimic, take off, do what we see done, pattern after, &c.

23. MIRTHFULNESS, *middling size*—A perception of the ridiculous, laughativeness, &c.

38, 39. HUMAN NATURE AND AGREEABLENESS, *both small*.

shot at, or killed?" "Did he jam the schoolmaster into the fire, or tumble him down a trap-door?" and so on. Had Albert been the son of a poor man, it is easy to see what would have been his fate, long before his being regarded as a murderer.

Albert always disdained to drive or ride a mean-looking horse. He would have the best in Weymouth, or none. It was his gift to possess a remarkable power over the animal kingdom, such, probably, as no other person ever possessed. He trained a dog to harness a horse as well as a man. He ran away to Boston, when thirteen years of age, and purchased two cunning monkeys from a menagerie, at an expense of fifty dollars, declaring, on his return, that he would learn them to read and write. It is not known whether he succeeded to perfection in this attempt, but certain it was that he taught one of them the art of tumbling expertly on a slack-rope, while the other held a candle for his companion, with the left paw, at the same time playing a tune on a hand organ with the right. Three young cats were the next objects of his tuition. He instructed those domestic tigers to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer, as to produce several regular tunes, having musical books before them, and squalling at the same time in different keys or tones, first, second, and third, by way of concert.—These curious performances created an immense excitement among his juvenile friends and associates, so that he was hourly besieged to entertain them altogether with a cat concert in a great barn belonging to Mr. Capen; to this, with modest reluctance, he finally assented. The affair came off with unheard-of eclat. Each performance was encored three times. The denouement was brilliantly dramatic. Some of the urchins, amid the general uproar, tipped over a lantern on the straw. This set the whole establishment in flames, almost before the inmates could get away.

Albert next commenced his exploits with the feathered tribe. He taught canary birds and robins to spell the name of any one when he bid them, and distinguish the hour and minute of time, and play many other surprising feats. He trained six turkey-cocks to go through a regular dance, before any body knew he had attempted such a thing. Nor was it found out, until a stranger, happening to pass through the barn-yard, saw Albert perched on a rail, whistling a jig, and the turkeys keeping time within the enclosure!

About this time, the school committee, after a difficult search, found a strong and resolute man, who said he would undertake to teach the Weymouth school, provided full powers were granted to chastise the unruly conduct of young Tirrell, whenever and in such manner as he saw fit. Albert was informed of the warlike intentions of the modern Socrates, who was rude in manners and in speech, and withal ignorant as a block. So he went to training a pig. On the first day of the school he behaved very well; every body supposed that he was humbled, and the intense curiosity soon subsided. The third day, however, presented a new feature in the history of knowledge. School had just commenced, when in marched Albert with much dignity, followed by a black pig. The animal proceeded to the centre of the floor, reclined on his haunches, and gracefully bowed to the master! At this instant Albert bawled out, "There, old hoss, learn manners from a hog!" and before the indignant gripe of the strong man of letters could be fastened upon him, he was out of reach, and made off. I never knew that he attended school afterwards.

CANTO VI.

Tirrell Tapping Boots.—Poor Success Thereat.—He Lampoons his Father.—Attempts to Invent Useful Machines.—Broits with a Worthy Brother.—Turns Miser, and Peddles Notions.—Result of His Mercantile Pursuits.

YOUNG Tirrell had a noble father, who followed the shoe-trade. He was a man of good business capacity, and easily acquired the wealth which he was ever willing to lavish upon his children in the acquirement of knowledge. But failing in all his efforts to make a scholar of Albert, he at last resolved to put him to tapping boots. So he did ; but the demonstrations which Albert made in that branch of mechanism, were not over-flattering to a fond father's hopes. His paring-knife would often slip up into the uppers and spoil a boot entirely, or the pegs would be driven into the sole so irregularly and unworkmanlike, that it was hard to say whether they were the broken quills of the fretful porcupine, or any thing else in particular. It was not a long while before Albert imbibed the notion that this kind of a life was too sedentary for him. His hammer soon ceased its music, and his bench in the shop was vacant. No one could tell where he was stowed away. He had taken himself out of the noise of the peg-drivers.

I well remember having a hearty laugh at the manner in which the boy lampooned his father. He was all the while concealed in my house, where I made him welcome. I always had a liking for Albert—his originality afforded me a constant fund of amusement. When I asked him about one thing he would answer about another. He grew offended when I teased him about the girls, and would turn the conversation with such a remark as, "I guess I'll buy me a cream-colored span of horses next week," or "This fine weather will ripen the grain." He never made me a direct answer in his life. One warm day he said to me,

"I think boot-tapping ain't the thing for me exactly. I'll give it up. It seems as though I might invent some thing that would bring me a fortune without any more vulgar work."

"Then I wish to goodness you might conjure up a machine to exterminate these myriads of troublesome flies," said I ; "they are a plague to every body."

"I'll try it !" said he, jumping up resolutely, and going out into the orchard. He returned towards night-fall, with two shingles tied together at the end by a loop.

"There," said he, "I've an idea this is about the thing. Hang these up in the middle of the room ; spread the lower ends apart, and cover the insides with butter and molasses. The flies will all rush into it and light, and when well filled we can slap the shingles together, and kill a thousand in an instant."

"Well done, Albert," said I, putting on an anxious face, and summoning my whole strength to suppress laughter ; "that is perfect in every respect. But you must attend on it."

It did pretty fair execution. We called it the "patent fly extermina-

tor," and this is the article which, to this day, is so generally used in Weymouth to kill off the flies. This encouraged him to attempt the construction of a washing and scrubbing machine, in which he made a failure, and thus ended his mechanism and imaginary grandeur.

Albert had a gentlemanly brother, who was loved and honored by all. In character and disposition he was unlike Albert, as the sun to the moon. Broils forever existed between them, resulting from different causes, but mainly from jealousy on the part of Albert, who saw that he himself was not the family favorite. The mild and gentle demeanor of his brother won all hearts. This enraged him to such a degree, that he often shook a pistol in his brother's face, threatening him with instant death for the most trivial offence. At this rudeness would that brother smile in contempt, without even deigning to make Albert answer, or request him to forbear.

True to the star of his eccentricity, at the age of seventeen, Albert made a determination to acquire a fortune by leading the life of a miser. Straightway he doffed his airs and high pretensions, sold out his riding establishment, and went to bartering in trinkets for the gain of a penny. This conduct filled the people of Weymouth with more amazement than any thing that had happened there within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Some thought he was playing a shrewd joke; some that he was insane. He held down his head and said but little; and wherever he showed himself with his large tin trunks, the girls, boys, and old folks flocked about him to buy. In this way it is said that he accumulated, in less than six months, the handsome sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, in clean cash. During this period he subsisted on barley water and crusts of bread, which cost him but two pence a day. In warm summer nights he slept in the woods, to save the expense of a bed; and the place which concealed him from the search of the Boston police, he had often tenanted as a miser.

It was not within possibility that such a change, in the habits of a young man hitherto reckless, proud and improvident, should be permanent. The greatest wonderment was, how he sustained his resolution so long and so well as he had done. One rainy day, as he was plodding his way along the turnpike, wet and weary, his mind entered into a retrospective review of past events, and a contemplation of what might turn up to him in unknown shadowy future. Suddenly he stopped, sat down by the roadside, and began to count his gains.

"About three hundred dollars a year," said he; "at that rate how many years to make fifty thousand dollars?"

When he had ascertained the period, seeing that it would require more than three times the length of his probable life, he threw the money on the ground, out of sheer contempt, and kicked his luggage into the mire, from rage. Just then he espied a vagabond organ-grinder, and thus accosted him:

"Old hoss! gather up these fragments. You may have them."

CANTO VII.

In which Tirrell gets Married, and Abandons his Wife before the Wedding is over.—The Lonely Bride.

AT the age of nineteen Albert J. Tirrell was united in the holy bonds of matrimony with a young and beautiful Weymouth maiden, who loved him with all the devotedness of a woman's heart. Her manners were bland and winning, her cheek wore the tender bloom of a summer rose, and her smile was more charming than all. With such a fair and gifted companion, it might with propriety be imagined that Albert, who had ever quaffed the bitter cup, would now enter new joys, and taste the sweets of life from the new and sparkling fountains of pleasure and enjoyment. Wealth he needed not, for an indulgent father possessed it in abundance, who was willing to make, and did make, ample provision for the family independence of the bridegroom and the bride. The union of two young hearts is an event which fills the mind with enlivening fancy and anticipation, and calls into action the loftiest emotions of the soul.

It is day-dawn, and there is joy—anxious, long-appointed, absorbing joy—in the bride's home. She is risen from sweet slumber. Friends and kindred are welcoming her forth to the sacrifice—the living, heart-consuming sacrifice of an unfortunate marriage. Pale is her cheek, and she speaketh low and tremblingly. By the loved and the lost, and with them, shouldst thou be garlanded, beautiful bride! Days of lowering hope await thee, yet thou wilt love on, and ever love. Sacred memorials of sorrow, pearly tears—they come and are coming, with silent watchings and with unalleviated loneliness! Thou shalt sigh, and the sympathizing wind shall return it; and thy loneliness shall be relieved only by the tidings of blood!

The consummation is at hand. The reverend prelate arrives; salutations and good wishes are exchanged; the prayer is made; hands are joined, and the mutual promise given. It is over. The man of God takes his departure, and *Albert J. Tirrell* departs with him! Henceforth is another life—whether gilded by the sunshine or robed in sackcloth. The feast is prepared, and the guests are invited, *but the bridegroom is false already*, and joy there is not, but wo!

It was even so. In that hour of hope, immediately after the conclusion of the ceremony, Tirrell actually left his bride in her marriage attire, without word or formality, and took up his residence in New Bedford! There he remained three or four months, in a house of ill-fame. It has been remarked by those who had known him from boyhood, that of all the peculiarities of his life, this was the most remarkable and unaccountable. Deep was the sympathy for the poor bride, and loud were the execrations which fell upon the head of the stony-hearted wretch who could thus mortify and misuse her. But he heeded neither friendly counsel and warning, nor the entreaties of brother and parent—preferring debauchery and disgrace to virtue and honor.

How painful the contemplation of the aching hours of that lonely bride! So lately, how much of promise was there stored in her expectations and hopes—so soon, how scattered and dead the flowers of the bridal! Heavily and solemnly cometh the gloom of the night to the chamber of the deserted one. She starts from a broken sleep—she murmurs: “He comes not, my husband. He is clasped by the arms of the strange woman, whose ways lead into hell. I have not deserved this of thee, O God! But I love him yet dearer than before. Will he ever, ever come?”

Time has not unravelled the motives by which young Tirrell was actuated in the sudden abandonment of his wife, and I record it only as another leaf in the book of his eccentricity.

CANTO VIII.

Tirrell's Career in New Bedford.—Characteristics of that City of Sodom.

TIRRELL'S career in New Bedford may be regarded as an era of atrocity, seldom equalled by rake, libertine, or murderer. Scarcely a day passed that did not herald some heinous offence or damning crime. There were brawls in the bar-rooms at midnight—peaceable citizens were waylaid and knocked down in the streets, and murder ran riot in the dens of prostitution. Being the son of a rich man, of course the gaudy courtezans of that sinful city swarmed about him, poisoning his untutored recklessness with every art and flattery, and goading him to the commitment of many offences against the laws of God and of the Commonwealth, which he would not have perpetrated of his own free will.

I will take this occasion to remark that murder in New Bedford is of frequent occurrence throughout the year. A well-known sexton of that city once informed me that he had made thirty-four secret burials within the space of five months, from the houses of ill-fame. A large proportion of these deaths, he thought, resulted from suicide—of young and beautiful creatures who had been betrayed and abandoned by heartless men, or had themselves wandered from virtue and voluntarily entered the abodes of infamy and crime—thus sealing their own unhallowed fates. Poison is the usual method of suicide in New Bedford—a few drops of prussic acid diffused in a glass of minute soda. The effect is sure and almost instantaneous. When I go out into the country districts, and see fair-haired children of promise, who are doated on by fond parents and by a happy family circle, and are glad in the frolic of childhood, O! it sickens me to reflect, that perhaps these flowers, these

dear emblems of innocence, are but ripening into bloom and beauty, to be plucked for the shambles of prostitution in New Bedford, and there in shame untimely to die.

Society in New Bedford is organized upon a different basis from that of any other city of the United States. The wealth of the place is entirely under the guardianship and control of a small number of aristocratic families, who have grown with the growth of the city, and become purse-proud and fat from sperm oil and whalebone. There are two classes—the vulture drones and the bees. The bees are the prostitutes and the whalemens. Take away the lewd females, and you lose the sailors: If both were gone, New Bedford would rot and the vultures starve. This city is the principal whaling mart of the empire. Its great and growing prosperity is drawn out of the ocean by the strong arms of seamen, who are generally induced, at the first, to embark in this line of life by reason of early disappointments and misfortunes on the land, and by the flattering promises of the vultures, who manage to swindle these worthy men out of nearly all the earnings of a voyage, by casting up false accounts, and entering enormous charges against them on their return, for their outfit at the beginning of the voyage. When a ship returns, after scouring the seas two or three years in search of the whale, freighted with a heavy cargo of oil and bone, a sailor, (if he is sharp) will probably obtain a hundred dollars where his due is five times that amount. As this meagre stipend is handed to him, his mortification at the receipt of such a pittance in return for the sacrifice of his golden years and enduring toils, may well be conceived to be great. But there is no redress—no alternative—the vultures have the laws all their own way—he may “take it or let it alone.” Probably he has friends at a great distance, whom his heart yearns to behold—perhaps a mother in penury, who is looking for his pledged assistance, and for whose sake he has braved the perils of the wave, inspired with the hope that he might thus secure the means to relieve her cares and wants in old age. Well, he is thwarted by a combination of circumstances beyond his control—he has barely the means to buy himself a suit of clothing, and pay the expense of a spree with his shipmates.—The courtezans besiege him as a flock of locusts—he drinks and is merry—forgets his mother and all others—throws grief to the winds—and thus, in the course of a short space of time, he is a destitute candidate for a second voyage! Then the vultures rejoice and are exceedingly glad—they have swallowed the wealth which he accumulated and brought into port, and he is gone again for more! Ten to one he returns a drunkard and a ruined man, and then he will be yet an easier prey to the vultures, who dance in sculptured palaces, and rejoice over the ruin and the wreck of their ocean slaves.

These are the true characteristics of the American Sodom. Whoever goeth there may read on every wall: *Aristocracy—Murder—Prostitution—Hypocrisy, and Hell*. In such a place as this, Tirrell could not be otherwise than in his element—here he found the organization of society exactly suited to his philanthropy.

We fear it will prove a sad misfortune to him that Maria Bickford was not murdered there instead of Boston, for they have a way of getting through with such an affair in New Bedford, a calculating coolness, that would make a bandit shudder. No one can better appreciate the truth of this remark than Albert J. Tirrell himself. Where are the bones of poor Anna Jane Morrill?

CANTO IX.

Return to and Short Stay at Weymouth.—Mrs. Maria Bickford.—Adventure in New York.—Jealousy and a Duel.—Mutual Explanations.—All Right.

AFTER living in New Bedford about three months, Tirrell went back to his lonely bride. Hopes and expectations were now entertained by his relatives that he would reform his vicious habits, and become a worthy husband to his amiable and lovely wife. But these expectations were sadly and abruptly disappointed. During the short period that he remained with his family, he was the cause of more unhappiness than it fell to my lot to know, I am certain. Nothing pleased him—constant abuse of his wife, threatenings of revenge, even to death, of one person or another, seemed to be the predominant study of his brain. Cain himself was not a less agreeable tyrant. He called at my house at one time, as he was returning from a quail-shooting excursion, with two dogs at his heels and a gun on his shoulder, and asked for a cup of strong tea. I cheerfully prepared it for him. In partaking of it he appeared to be in a sociable state of mind, and I determined not to let the opportunity pass without reproving him for his conduct towards his wife and mother. Our conversation did not vary materially from what follows :

“Well, Albert, have you met with good encouragement in the sporting line, to-day?”

“No. Damned poor.”

“How is your wife? Leave her in fine spirits?”

“No. Crying, as usual; full of hysterics about me.”

“Well, Albert, that is natural enough. She loves you with deep devotedness. You do not repay that love with as much kindness as you should. Why do you not soften your cold heart and make her happy?”

“Happy fiddlesticks. Damn wives, any how.”

“O, that will never do, Albert. You have sworn to do all in your power to render her life joyous and agreeable. Do not let her grieve so much. You have all the requisites for happiness that one could desire in this world, I am sure; and yet you are ever dissatisfied, and your treatment of others who are near to you, makes them also miserable.”

“Why, you see, the last time I was up to Boston I fell in with a woman who takes my notion to an iota, and I’m thinking about her pretty much all the time.”

“What is her name, if such be a fair question?”

“Mrs. Maria Bickford, a poor shoemaker’s woman.”

“Horrible, Albert. You must drive her from your mind, and think of her no more. The day will come when you will regret it.”

“That be damned. I’m going up to stay with her next week.”

I discovered that remonstrance was of no avail, and dropped the delicate subject. His manner evinced an unalterable determination. The next Monday morning he passed my home on his way to the city. I

knew his mission, and wept. Ah, yes! my heart throbbed for the deserted bride; but little did I imagine, when I told Albert he would regret his acquaintance with the shoemaker's wife, that the tidings of her awful murder, by his hand, were to startle me, as they did, some two years afterwards.

From this time forward, Tirrell was more reckless and improvident than he had yet been. In the lascivious embraces of the impious Mrs. Bickford, he worshipped the goddess of pleasure, and often remarked to his companions that the first wish of his heart was to die in her arms. They went to New York, and stopped at the Astor House, as man and wife. Here Mrs. Bickford, skilled in all the blandishments of a courtesan, and decked in jewels and silks, shone a resplendant meteor. She was the observed of all observers—praised, petted, admired, by the millionaires of the world, who constantly throng that magnificent establishment. A Scotch banker intimated to her that her demeanor was the beau ideal of Helen McGregor; a French palaverer of rank whispered to her in private, that upon his soul she was to his eyes the veritable Joan of Arc; an English nobleman named her Lady Stanhope; a tawny slaveholder, ardent as a southern sun could make him, swore that her lustrous eyes and half-exposed, lascivious form, exceeded all that he ever saw in Magnolia-dom.

These flatteries and attentions, from the wealthiest men of the globe, were a source of great delight to the vain courtesan, and she acted well her part, receiving all of them with unrestrained freedom, much to the enagement and jealousy of Tirrell. Without consulting him she accepted an invitation from the Scotchman to attend the Park Theatre, to witness a performance in which the celebrated Ellen Tree sustained the part of Beatrice. She remained out all that night, and returned not until the sun was high in the heavens, the next day. Poor Albert was sadly lampooned, and compelled to *sleep* alone for once, if laying awake and swearing all night can be called sleep. He rose early, sharpened his Bowie knife, loaded his pistols with a fresh charge, and stationed himself on the broad steps of the hotel, awaiting their return. There he remained hour after hour, in the blazing sun, undaunted as a martyr. If ever Fun made the rocks musical with its echoes, then were the walls of that granite edifice convulsed on this occasion. There stood the indignant Colossus, breathing savagely and frothing at the mouth, valiant as a Spanish bull. Kitchen maid and guest—every soul in and about the Astor, interpreted and enjoyed the joke. At the instance of some mischievous wight, the contents of a bed were emptied above him, and when the feathers intruded upon his solitude, Albert thought it was snowing. Had the truant pair returned just at that time, there's no telling what might have happened—a horse, at least, would have been shot. But they did not get along, and as his impatience was observed to wax stronger and more strong, lest he should burst, a gentleman ventured to break ground in his behalf, after this wise:

“Mr. Tirrell—excuse me, sir; but that circumstance between the Scotchman and your wife (ahem!) must be *very* provoking.”

“She's no wife of mine, damn her! She's only a woman who came on here with me. I'll drop her, but I'll shoot the fellow that's with her first, just as sure as he gets back here.”

“Allow me to advise you a little, my friend,” said the other. “You are a stranger here, and to shoot such a wealthy, influential citizen as Mr. Macworter, in this conspicuous place, would be sure death to your-

self, and a great calamity to the public. Now, it is the opinion of the boarders that you have just cause to demand satisfaction of that gentleman, and that the most honorable manner in which you can obtain redress from him, would be to challenge him to a duel. Your cause is a just one; you have staunch friends here; I myself will carry the challenge, and volunteer as your second."

"You, that would be better than my present intentions, wouldn't it, you?" said Tirrell, grasping the man's hand vehemently. "I didn't think of that afore! I accept of your proposition in every particular, sir. Thank you, sir. I see, now, that's much the best way. Just make the arrangements in any manner you think best. Challenge him this night, in my name. I've been wanting to fight a duel all my life, and never had a good chance afore."

They separated. Tirrell repaired to his apartments, puffed a cigar, and cooled off, with an occasional muttering—"Let him come on. I'll teach him a new song to a new brace. I'm his man, by God!"

Meanwhile the commissioned agent of Tirrell, whose name was Barnum, held consultation with about a dozen true lovers of King Joke, (who were always ready to lend a helping hand in getting up any thing for fun's sake,) and it was gravely and unanimously determined that "an affair of honor" should come off in accordance with ancient chivalric usage and custom. Macworter and Mrs. Bickford had now returned, looking rather sleepy. Maria immediately sought Albert, to make an explanation concerning her absence.

"Ah, Albert! good day to you, dear. Why, what a house this is, to bolt their doors so early in the evening. It's provoking, I declare. I was *so* disappointed, the same as probably you were, at my not being at home. But it's no matter; I'm safe back now. I am *very* glad to see you."

"The devil you are!" said the jilted man of valor. "You shall know my revenge yet, if it takes me ten years to make you feel it. But I've nothing more to offer just now, about that. I have another account to balance in a different way. Where's that jackanapes of a Scotchman who took you off last night? His grave is already dug. I'll stop his wind before I do yours, damn him! I've made the arrangements already. I am a dead shot, too, and that's better."

"But, Albert, you know I did not intend to remain out *all* night," said the modest and innocent woman. "How *can* you go on so, dear? In such a highly respectable place, too? You will make me grieve my life away."

At this moment there was a tap at the door. Enter Mr. Barnum, bowing gracefully to Mrs. B., and then whispering in Tirrell's ear,—"*The challenge has been given and accepted!* I have made the appointment at three o'clock; weapons, a pair of large horse-pistols; distance, twelve paces and a half. Mind your game, now; this is no child's play. We go over to Hoboken. Macworter is already at his prayers, and bidding farewell to his friends, who are bathed in tears. Prepare yourself in every particular, and be ready at one o'clock precisely. We have selected the old duelling ground of Burr and Hamilton. Keep dark, as the police will follow us if they hear a syllable about it."

Tirrell had always been famous for knock-down-and-drag-out bravery; nothing daunted him in that way. But, somehow or other, he now scratched his ear as though it had a flea in it. "*Horse pistols!*"

said he to himself. "What sort of a thing is a *horse* pistol? It's plaguey strange I never saw one. However, all's well; my brave second will fix things. I don't back out, by God! I'll start now, and get there first."

Good as his word, Albert seized his great sword-cane, and went out, meeting his second on the steps.

"What! are you ready so soon?" said Barnum.

"All ready. I've thought to go ahead and walk over the ground. By the way, sir, will you let me look at those horse pistols?"

"Oh no; by no means, sir. That would trespass upon the rules of honor. I have just been putting the balls into them."

"Very well, then; very well. Perfect your arrangements. I am satisfied you'll do what is right."

"Certainly, Mr. Tirrell. You may be sure there will be no foul play. Stand up to it like a hero; summon a valorous fortitude. 'Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,' you know."

"Yes, exactly so. I shan't back out on *no* condition, in *any* shape," said Tirrell, with emphasis, grating his teeth, and off he started for the bloody district. In less than an hour he was on the spot, pacing the ground with solemn tread and slow. It is a sweet place, enclosed by bowery grove and trellised vine. Many a traveller loitereth there, and looketh wistfully, for the dust hath been hallowed by the blood of one at whose fate a nation bowed in mourning. The other parties, with a goodly train of spectators, were "on hand" at the right moment, and the combatants met—Macworter and Tirrell—Tirrell and Macworter.

"Of one or both of us, the two must die," said Mac, looking right into Tirrell's face.

"There's no such thing as *back out* about me, you'll find," said the lion-hearted Albert. "Where's the pistols?"

The interesting instruments were produced. Barnum measured the distance, just twelve paces and a half, and gave the word of command. The combatants shook hands, turned their faces from each other, and advanced to the limits of the distance.

"Turn and fire at sound of *three!*" said Barnum. "Now, then: One—two—*three!*"

The combatants wheeled instantly, and both pistols went off. Mac uttered a shrill scream, sprang upwards, and fell into the arms of his second, who thereupon dexterously emptied a phial of red fluid into his bosom, and yelled, "Blood! blood! blood! as I live!"

"Straight through the heart! Dead for a ducat! Macworter is no more!" shouted a dozen voices.

"Tirrell, you're a dead shot," said Barnum. "But what will be your punishment if you are caught? You will be hung! Fly, then; fly this instant!"

And many voices shouted, "Fly! fly!"

Tirrell quaked with more than earthly fear. He knew not whether to turn towards the right or the left. "Fly! fly!" rang through the air. "Fly! fly!" One gave him a whack with a *lignumvitæ* cane; another gave him a kick in the posterior, and still the cry was "Fly! fly!" As soon as he could see straight he made off at full speed for the ferry, which he reached, dusty and breathless, just as the boat had left the wharf. He leaped with all his might, to gain it, but missed his aim, and down splashed he into the salt water. The captain ordered a halt, and picked him up. Sorry and hatless was the plight in which he came

back to the Astor. The clerk of the establishment confronted him scrambling up the steps, and invited him into the office.

"There, sir, is a small bill for you to settle. We want you to pay it without delay, and then take yourself, strumpet, and baggage, out of this house instanter."

The lion-hearted duellist was somewhat disconcerted by this sudden shift in the drama, but he deemed it prudent just then to acquiesce in any arrangement that happened to turn up. Within three minutes the hero and his heroine were stepping into a hack, which drove away from the Astor towards the yet more celebrated establishment of the Princess Julia, in Leonard street. Albert was faint from fright and flight, and threw himself into the arms of Mrs. Bickford, trembling like an aspen leaf. She had before been let into the secret, by Macworter, and enjoyed the joke in all its richness.

"My dear love," said Tirrell, with his arms around her neck, "my dear cherub, I have done you wrong. I recant, and want your forgiveness and sympathy."

"Certainly, you shall have it, my faithful friend and protector," said she.

"But, *do* you know what's happened? I've killed that Scotchman, by God! Where shall I keep out of harm's way? Oh, my beloved Maria! save me in this awful moment," said he.

"I will do it on one condition, if you will grant it me, and pledge your honor forever to abide by it," said she.

"Grant it! grant every thing freely, by God! What is it?" said he.

"That you will never again suspect my virtue, or be jealous of me," said she.

This was a choker. "Well, well; agreed, agreed!" said he.

"Know, then, that this whole business is a trick upon your boorishness, stupidity, and swagger," said she. "Every body is shaking with laughter, and ridiculing your imprudence and conceitedness. Though this present disgrace is unpleasant to both of us, yet I trust its effect will improve your manners and your general conduct in future. Let us now begin anew, leave the great hotels, and we shall get along very well. Above all, remember your agreement."

The young lion felt that he was conquered, and submitted to his fate while his mortification lasted, which was but a short time.

CANTO X.

Remarkable Proficiency in Billiards.—The Paramour and the Harlot Return to Boston.—Tirrell Born to Good Luck.—His Fondness for Mrs. Bickford.—Pithy Speech to the Sporting Club.—A Harlot's Conscience.—A Mean Revenge.

HAVING failed in his schemes to win the respect and the plaudits of the upper-crust soap-locks of New York, Tirrell now sought pleasures and sports in a more sensible way. The game of billiards became his master passion. He devoted himself entirely to the acquirement of a perfect knowledge of this game, and worshipped the blind goddess incessantly, under the form of ivory balls. His labors were crowned with the most flattering successes. To such a degree of perfection did he attain, as well in the theoretical as in the practical part of the game, that no player in that city could beat him, excepting one, (a sapient fellow, commonly known as the "Pony," who keeps the tables at Knickerbocker Hall.) Many old players were loud in their commendations upon the dexterity and art with which he "carromed," &c., declaring him the most unflagging adept at the game that nature ever produced. He seemed to vegetate in a billiard room; and indeed he did little more in any other place. He became a perfect billiard valetudinarian, in the most rigid signification of the expression. He ate, drank, slept, walked, and talked, but to promote the system of the balls. His regimen was curtailed to the nerve-strengthening diet of tea, toast and butter, for breakfast, for dinner, and for supper. It might reasonably be imagined that so regular a professor would obtain all the advantages that could result from the science. He won considerable sums of money, but he scattered it to the winds, among loafers and prostitutes, as fast as it came into his hands. When playing for so small a sum as an hundred dollars, he took no pains, but seemed more desirable to lose than to win. There was a latent finesse in this, which operated greatly to his advantage; he was laying by for heavy bets. These were often eagerly caught at by the ardent and reckless sons of the South, who were sure to be gaffed of all their surplus funds before yielding to an obscure antagonist. Thus the sun of prosperity dawned upon him, and had he a tithe of that parsimony which he practised while selling notions from his tin trunks at Weymouth, he might have easily acquired a vast fortune.

In September, 1844, after the "affair" took place at Hoboken, our hero was daily seen in the streets and resorts of Boston. By a concatenation of Tirrell-iana, he had become so "used up" in New York, that he was obliged to leave. I have never heard the reasons concisely stated why he left, other than those given by the reverend biographer of Mrs. Bickford. If what is there narrated with so much gravity, be true, verily the circumstances were funny and singular. Of all human devices to raise a breeze and make money, that beats, and if I dared to trespass sufficiently upon the reverend author's copy-right, the full account should be transferred to these pages; but as it is, the reader must look into the "Life and Death of Maria Bickford," for further particulars.

Good luck was the favorite friend of Albert J. Tirrell. To his improvident purse, now that he needed it, came a large fortune, by way of a family patrimony, of not less than twenty-five thousand dollars. His honored father put on the habiliments of death some time before, leaving an immense estate to his heirs. If our hero deserved the title we have before given him, of "lion-hearted," his conduct, from this time to that of his flight to New Orleans, well merited him the appellation of "raging bear." Pirates and bandits were as lambs, in contrast. Mrs. Bickford yet remained with him, though in constant fear that he would execute his repeated threats against her life, for she was fully aware of his reckless calibre.* Her cheek was paler than it had been—there was not that witchery in those eyes which once won all hearts. Still Albert held a liking towards her, frail as she might be, and he continued to lavish his gold upon her graceful person. If she deserted him on any occasion, he would storm about the city like a madman, out of one house of ill-fame and into another, muttering revenge and swearing savagely. If he failed to discover her whereabouts, forthwith would he seek out her humble and honest husband, and make a speech of this kind:

"Bickford! where's your wife? Damn you, sir, if you hide her away from me, I'll pepper you with this," showing a pistol.

On finding her, however, his rage always subsided, and instead of rude treatment, he generally melted into tears. He evidently regarded her as his only friend.

About this time Tirrell became a hero of the sports. By acclamation of black-legs and horse-jockeys, he was honored with the enviable distinction of being elected a "judge of the stand," at the races on the Cambridge course. When this important event was announced, he arose and delivered a speech of great power. I did not see a report of it in the public press, but from the private notes of a friend I have read it as follows:

"My Sporting Friends,—Long life and health be unto you all, for the honor you have done me. I have never thrust myself forward as a candidate for popular favor, and being on this occasion suddenly and unexpectedly snatched from the solitude which is so dear to me, I am at a loss how to express my swelling emotions. In the catalogue of our sports, it is my opinion that too much attention is bestowed upon horses and too little on dogs and other animals. I once trained a pig to teach a schoolmaster decency; a dog to harness a horse, and cats to play a tune. Why should these useful and cunning animals be neglected, and the genus horse alone sought for? Forbid it, justice! forbid it, heaven! [Great cheering.]

"At our next race I intend to submit some interesting statistics to your consideration, on the development of the animal faculties. You will then discover the beauty of my present suggestions. In the meantime I conceive it to be incumbent on me to liquor the crowd, and with this object in view, I move we adjourn to Porter's." (Carried with nine cheers.)

Tirrell now imagined that his fame would go before him every where

*[Extract from Appendix of "Life and Death of Maria Bickford."]

Mr. Bickford received a letter from her on her arrival, and while on a visit, to New Bedford, in which she says; "I am here in New Bedford, but I want to come back. * * * * * Albert is not here. *I expect to get killed when he does come!* I must not stay here long."

over the wide hemisphere, and that, backed by so powerful a clique as the Jockey Club, he could henceforth, with impunity, violate law and decency. A few nights afterwards, while laying by the side of Mrs. Bickford, he awoke her from slumber, and commenced a conversation which led to the perpetration of an act more revolting to morality than even the murder of that beautiful but ill-fated female:

“Maria, I say, we’ll go down to Weymouth, to-morrow,” said he.

“Weymouth! Why, that is the place where your wife and relations reside,” said she.

“Just the place, and no other place but that,” said he.

“But, Albert, it will never do to go *there*. That would be the last thing I could desire to do. Any other place but that.”

“Hang that kind of talk. Who’s a better right there than I? And as for you, it will be of no harm at all.”

“Why, Albert, you must remember how much trouble has already come from your being with me. Repeatedly have we planned the means of eluding the search of officers who were after you with a warrant, on a charge of adultery. You know how severe the laws are against that crime. But if you are not persuaded to give up this idea, it will be like plunging into the very jaws of danger.”

“You have hit upon the true reason why I *will* have you go there. They shall know my independence and feel my power. They pretend that I would be ashamed to bring you out there, and that I dare not do it. I will show them their mistake. They do not know me yet. We will not only go, but we will stay all night, and you shall sleep with me, by God! in the house of my family.”

“But, Albert, you often tell me how your wife loves you—even while with me—that she is a virtuous and worthy woman. I do not blame you for staying away from her if you are unhappy in her society; but do not annoy her by thrusting *me* into her domicil. That would break her lonely heart. Though the world condemns me and honors her in misfortune, I reverence rather than envy her the blessings of duty and honor. To be sure, I cannot go back to the years of innocence myself. I must float forward on the waters of sin, waters which will engulf me at last. But before I would cross the threshold of a virtuous wife’s home, leaning on the arm of her husband, I would prefer the tortures of an inquisition.”

“Say no more about it,” said Tirrell. “To-morrow we’ll go, and in good style, too. No more excuses—I have made up my mind—dead or alive, your body must attend me.”

And the harlot wept, and buried her face though it was dark. There was no alternative. The fiend in his gluttony had conceived a revenge upon his wife and kindred. His guilty heart taught him to think that he had been slighted by them—that their solicitous upbraidings were the offspring of a sneering malice—and now came the hour in which to wreak the method of his revenge!

CANTO XI.

Distinguishing Marks.—Tirrell in his Wife's Home with a Strumpet.—Lucky Escape from Tar and Feathers.—Revenge and Remorse.—Singular Absence of Mind.—Pulling Teeth with a Pistol.—The Harlot's Last Night on Earth.—Concluding Remarks on Capital Punishment, and an Old Speech from the Gallows.

ALL places have a history in the course of human events. Some are rendered conspicuous in the world's eye, by reminiscences of battle, or by being the birthplace of a philosopher, or some other great light of the age; by an earthquake, or a flood. In my humble opinion, the distinguishing mark in the history of Weymouth was made by the Angel of Time when Albert J. Tirrell reined a pair of prancing steeds up to the house of his injured wife, and ushered Mrs. Maria Bickford into her presence! Were my life to be prolonged a thousand years, the particulars of that insult to decency would yet be as vividly remembered as though it were an occurrence of to-day. About one year has passed since then, and as I now reflect upon the events, it appears a veritable miracle that the decent men of Weymouth did not, in their indignation, ordain that Tirrell be torn into strings, or marched out of town on a rail amid the clangor of tin pans. But Albert was something of a Napoleon in his way; he always took time by the forelock, and people by surprise. Had he vaunted his intentions a day or two in advance of their execution, I am satisfied, from what I have since heard, that he would scarcely have left Weymouth alive, or, at any rate, without a thorough coating of tar and feathers. The friends of order cannot but rejoice that the dare-devil was not chastised by any violent process, for God avert that the fair escutcheon of my native town should be defiled with the bloody enactments of Lynch law, while creation holds its balance.

Albert's wife conducted herself with great forbearance on this trying occasion, as indeed she did upon all others. It is said that she mildly, yet decidedly, reprov'd her husband, for which she was subjected to the full measure of his threatening and ribaldry. Early in the evening the paramour and his harlot retired to bed in that home of virtue; and the devoted WIFE, she wept in her woe.

On the way back to Boston, the next day, Tirrell was in ecstasies, but his frail companion was silent and sad. "Didn't I pay them off," said he, with an air of triumph. "This adventure is worth more to me than all the money I got by my father's death."

"Ah, Albert, you are a singular compound," said the frail woman. "I have never known the consuming fires of remorse until now. Would to God I had died yesterday."

"Silence! you ungrateful huzzy," said the raging bear, with a rude punch of the elbow. "I tell you, we have done the nice thing. I stick to my assertion. The pilgrim-loafers of Weymouth may squirm, and say what they please about me now. I've got square. They may go to hell."

"I know the uselessness of remonstrance. And now that what has

been done cannot be recalled, I shall speak of it no more. But oh, Albert, how can you ever look your grief-stricken wife, your disconsolate mother, or your worthy brother, again in the face?"

"Look at 'em! Why, in just the same way that I always have, by God!" said the bear. "But the fact is, I want no more of them, any way, while funds hold out; and when my money is gone, they shall supply me with more, or I'm a liar."

The language of prophetic oracle was never more pregnant with truth than this last remark of Tirrell. His funds soon were wasted, even to the last penny; and then commenced those ruinous extortions by which he wrung thousands more from the other heirs, some times backing his demands with a desperation amounting to insanity, at others with the utmost sang froid of the devil.

Tirrell was often afflicted with absence of mind—a sure presage of ultimate mental hallucination. It is related of him that he once addressed himself to a cow with great cordiality, supposing that he had met with an old billiard associate from New York. "Good day to your welcome phiz," said he; "give us your hand, old hoss!" and forthwith he seized the animal by the horns. So frequent were his misconceptions when a young boy, that I often attempted to ridicule him out of them. I recollect, on one rainy time, that he entered my house and called for a boot-jack. I handed it to him, when he took his knife and began to cut it. "What are you about, sonny?" said I. "Why, I want to pull off my wet boots," said he. I warned him never to take a wet umbrella with him when he went to bed, lest he might put it to sleep and stow himself away in the corner. I do not doubt that his infirmities often got the better of his sober sense, and, to be charitable, perhaps but for them he would have lived and died a sparkling ornament to society.

He had such an unconquerable passion for pistols that he used them in pulling his own teeth. This performance was enacted by fastening a strong piece of cat-gut firmly round the affected tooth; the other end was, by means of a sure knot, attached to a bullet, with a hole made through it; with this bullet a pistol was charged, and, when held in a proper direction, by touching the trigger, a disagreeable companion was soon got rid of, and a troublesome operation evaded. Though he declared that this method could not be attended with any ill consequences, yet he never found any body but himself who was willing to adopt it.

I will here take leave of all further minor occurrences, and leap forward to the end—to the rayless, awful end of poor Maria Bickford, whose brief candle was snuffed of its impure blaze on the omen-crowned night of the 25th of October, 1845. Death hath a wildness in any shape, but when his blear eyes are fixed on a fair and beautiful female, whose doom is from the murderer's hand, oh! say not that he is welcome, though despair consumeth heart and brain, and breathing be a torture! In an obscure dwelling in Mount Vernon avenue, whose very walls seem ashamed of the crimes within, might have been seen on that night a man and a woman passing the evening in earnest altercation. From the eyes of the latter, tears are gushing in the exuberance of grief; but for every tear there is an iron scoff from the mouldy heart of the ruffian who sits by her side. Ye who sleep in virtue's nursery, and dream and smile away the hours—who are greeted by a yet brighter sunshine in the morning of hope, than ever glowed from the orb that chaseth the darkness away—pity, but blame not, the world-wronged one! Her cup

of bitterness hath been drained; her record is made up; this night shall be opened unto her the portals of heaven or hell. Pray that the forgiving love of our blessed Savior shall recompense even a harlot's sinfulness, her wrongs, and her despair.

It will be remarked by the reader of the preceding chapters, that we have adopted the general sentiment, of regarding Tirrell as the murderer of Mrs. Bickford. But in this we wish to have it distinctly understood, that any pre-judgment of his actual guilt, farther than a prevailing public opinion, is the most distant of our intentions. God grant, if he be innocent, that he may not suffer the punishment of the guilty! He is to have a fair and impartial trial before an intelligent jury of his countrymen, who will accord to him the benefit of every doubt. In the annals of murder, many instances there have been where the guilt of the accused was more apparent than that of Tirrell, and who yet were innocent of the remotest connection with the awful crime charged against them. The evidence to be produced in this instance is said to be purely circumstantial, and mostly of a doubtful character. A strong effort will very properly be made, by influential friends, and by eminent counsel, to clear him. If the evidence be not directly positive, it is our humble prayer that he may be declared innocent of the crime, rather than be condemned to the gallows, a victim to uncertainty, even though he were as guilty of murder as Black John the Strangler, in the twelfth century.

There is at this time a powerful and growing opposition to capital punishment, under any form. It is revolting to the genius of this age, and we confidently look for the coming of a day when the black pall of the gallows shall desecrate American soil no more. Within the last eight years, much to the glory of philanthropic effort, a mighty change has been wrought in the public mind upon the question whether murder shall be dealt for murder. By the last state paper of Governor BRIGGS, we rejoice to find that the subject has met with the serious consideration of that great officer, resulting in a firm conviction that the ends of justice are not more attainable by public murder than in the wise disposal of a criminal by imprisonment. For this timely espousal of the cause, the lasting gratitude of the humane will cluster to the name of BRIGGS, long after his dust hath tenanted its narrow house.

What are the charms of the gallows, that it should be wreathed with flowers and regarded as a spectacle by thronging beauty, and fashion, and mob? Is it such an enlivening, such an endearing sight, to behold a poor fellow-being launched into eternity? Oh, mob, you are a darling assemblage! You appreciate the sublime, and cry, "Who's the next customer?" It is a shame that executions in public should have been abolished in some places—that the demon of the Dark Ages cannot perch upon a gallows in an open field, and flap his reeking wings to the admiring millions of the nineteenth century! The interesting fellow will not long be allowed to quit his ancient heritage at all.

A reminiscence from the gallows is a rarity in latter days, and as it is probable there will be but few, if any more, we will interest the crowd

with the singular speech of GEORGE MANLY, who was hung in Wicklow, in Ireland, one hundred and ten years ago. George must have been a man of nerve and a joker:

“*To the Mob, Before and Behind Me:*

“You assemble to see—*what?* A man take a leap into the abyss of death. Look, and you shall see me go with as much courage as Curtius, when he leaped into the gulf to save his country from destruction. What then will you say of me? You say that no man without virtue can be courageous. You see I am courageous. You’ll say I have killed a human being; Marlborough killed his thousands, and Alexander his millions. Marlborough and Alexander, and many others who have done the like, are famous in history as great men; but I killed one solitary person. Aye, that’s the case. One solitary person! I’m a murderer, and must be hanged. Marlborough and Alexander plundered countries; they were great men. I ran in debt with the ale wife; I must be hanged. Now, my friends, I have drawn a parallel between two of the greatest men that ever lived and myself; but these were men of former days. Now I’ll speak a word of some of the present days. How many men were lost in Italy and upon the Rhine, during the last war, for setting a king in Poland? But both sides could not be in the right; they are great men. But I killed a solitary individual; I’m a little fellow. The king of Spain takes our ships, plunders our merchants, kills and tortures our men. But what of all that? What he does is good; he’s a great man; he is clothed in purple; his instruments of murder are bright and shining—mine was but a rusty gun; and so much for comparison. Now I would fain know what authority there is in Scripture for a rich man to murder, to plunder, to torture, and ravage whole countries? And what law it is that condemns a poor man to death for killing a solitary man, or for stealing a solitary sheep to feed his family? But bring the matter closer to our own country. What is the difference between running in a poor man’s debt, and by the power of gold, or any other privilege, preventing him from obtaining his right, and clapping a pistol to a man’s breast, and taking from him his purse? Yet the one shall thereby obtain a coach, and honors, and titles, &c.—the other, what? A cart and a rope. From what I have said, my brethren, you may, perhaps, imagine I am hardened; but believe me, I am fully convinced of my follies, and acknowledge the just judgment of God has overtaken me. I have no hopes but from the merits of my Redeemer, who, I hope, will have mercy on me, as he knows that murder was far from my heart, and what I did was through rage and passion, being provoked thereto by the deceased. Take warning, my dear comrades. Think, oh think! What would I now give that I had lived another life?”

EVIDENCE CONCERNING THE MURDER.

CORONER'S INQUEST, OCTOBER 28.—BEFORE CORONER PRATT.

THE inquest called together to examine into the causes which led to the death of Maria A. Bickford, commenced its proceedings yesterday morning, at ten o'clock, in one of the jury rooms, in the Court House. This appalling murder has scarcely had its equal on the records of crime, and has created the greatest excitement among all classes of our citizens. The names of the jurors were called over, as follows: Artemas Simonds, foreman; Daniel Merrill, Joseph Moriarty, Thomas Hollis, Charles Brown, Robert Whitwell.

Joel Lawrence sworn—Lives in Mount Vernon avenue, rear of 76 Charles street; has been there twenty-five years; knows a woman named Maria A. Bickford; have known her for a year past; she has been at my house often; does not know whether she has been out of the city; does not know whether she is married or has a husband or not; came to live at my house a week from last Friday; came to my house alone, about Monday, and asked if she might stay a few days; I allowed her to stay; don't know whether she came on foot or in a carriage; she brought her clothes several days afterwards; said she came from New Bedford; she has been at my house since; she was not out of the house nights; do not recollect of her being out much at night; never knew a man named Tirrell or Wood; a man came to my house, whom she called DeWolf; do not know him; does not know but he might have come to my house two or three times within the last eight days; never saw him but once in the night; he visited Mrs. Bickford; no other family occupied my house; he came to my house last Sunday, about four o'clock, P. M.; saw him come in and go up stairs; he stayed till about tea time; did not see him when he went out; he wore striped pantaloons and a spotted vest; (vest shown) could not say, but think this vest was the one worn on Sunday; thinks his coat was of a dark color; does not think it was a frock coat; thinks he has stopped there two or three times; could not say what time he usually left in the morning; he came to my house about eight o'clock on Sunday evening; saw him at her door at that time; thinks he wore a hat; I went to bed at nine o'clock; there was another man in the house; I slept in the lower story; could not have heard distinctly any noise; heard something fall, which woke me up; then heard a noise, apparently in the house; could not tell what caused it; went on the stairs and found my wife pulling the bed clothes out of the room; the first man who came to my assistance was Mr. Bowker; immediately Capt. Bowker came, and some others; we went directly into the room; my wife went up first; thinks the door was open; there was a light in the room; the room was full of smoke; threw in a bucket of water; the house was set on fire in her room; she had her clothing in a closet in the room, which was destroyed; the bed was entirely burned; the bed clothes had been taken out of the room by my wife; a bed and bed clothes in an adjoining room was entirely consumed; there had been no fire in that room for some time; the fire could not have communicated to the different parts without its having been done by some person; saw Maria after I had been in the room a few minutes; her throat was cut from ear to ear; she had no clothes on; they had been burned off; the body was burned all over; she could not have taken fire from the bed; I covered her up with a sheet; saw the razor lying by the side of her, between her arm and the bedstead; (razor shown;) the razor does not belong to me, or to my house; saw no weapons about the room; (stockings shown;) they do not belong to me; (drawers shown;) don't know who owns the drawers; one stocking was in the leg of the drawers, and the other in the other room; we put out the fire.

By a Juror—Did you ever hear DeWolf called by another name?
Do not know what his name is.

By the Coroner—Did you have a quarrel with Maria?

No.

Did you ever carry a note to Mr. DeWolf?

Yes. I carried one to the post-office; (letter shown;) thinks that is the letter; thinks that Mrs. Bickford has gone by the name of Maria Johnson; she sent the letters to the person to whom they were directed; did not see the person to whom they were directed; soon after I delivered the notes he came to my house.

By a Juror—How many names has she gone by in your house?

Two. Bickford and Johnson.

Who did you give the letter to?

The bar-keeper.

Did he come before the note was sent by her?

No. At least I did not see him.

Did you ever hear the name of Cassimer in your house?

No.

(The letter was found in the trunk of deceased, post-marked New Bedford, and signed Maria Johnson.)

Barthena Lawrence called—Have lived at the house fifteen years; knows Maria; she went by that name; she has formerly gone by the name of Johnson; her trunks were marked Maria Johnson; she was known by that name; have heard her called Mrs. Bickford; have seen a man who called at the house, named Cassimer; have known her for two or three years; she came to my house the latter part of the week; cannot recollect the day; she came to my house, wanted to stay a few days, to prepare to go home; never knew a man named DeWolf; there was a man who called to see her often, don't recollect his name, but thinks it was Cassimer; thinks the man had been there six times in the day time; never knew that he stayed there all night, until the last night; I was sick, and could not go out of my room; he came on Sunday, after dinner; I saw him going up stairs; I went up stairs about three o'clock, and knocked at her door; saw the man in her room, talking pleasantly; she asked me if I heard it said that some one was watching the man; it was afternoon; my boy had gone to Sunday school; she asked me how I heard this; I told her Ellen had told me; can't remember that the man said anything; stopped in the room about fifteen minutes; can't tell when he went away; there was no other conversation of consequence; about eight o'clock went up stairs, and she called me into the room; he was there then, the same man; tall man, about twenty-eight; had on a brown dress coat; thinks he wore a hat; thinks the vest shown was the same he had on in the afternoon and evening; he had a spotted cravat; had on, in the evening, a large sack coat; had a hat on, and cane; (cane shown;) that is the cane he had in his hand; did not stop long in the room the last time; went to bed before nine o'clock; slept in the room next to the entry; about five o'clock on Monday morning, thought I heard a scream; could not tell what it was; awoke the person who slept with me; heard a noise of something falling; jumped out of bed and went into the entry; could not tell whether the noise was in or out of the house; could not hear any thing when I was in the entry, nor see any fire; went back to my room and lit a lamp; went down stairs; came back and went to bed again; soon after heard a noise, as if some one had slipped coming down stairs; heard the ralling jar; heard somebody going down stairs softly; heard the door open, but could see nobody; saw the entry on fire; found the clothes on the stairs, and strewed along in the entry; met Mr. Lawrence at the foot of the stairs; could not tell if the door at the head of the stairs was open; the bed clothes burned are the same as were on the bed; I went into the room as soon as assistance came, and burned one of my hands in getting out the clothes; heard a shriek, but could not tell whether it came from the yard or not; did not see Maria when I first entered the room; saw her afterwards, laying on the floor, perfectly dead; there was a lamp on the mantel-piece; the room was full of smoke; saw the body afterwards; the throat was cut; there was bloody water in the wash-bowl, and the wall was bloody; had seen the razor; know my husband's razor; that is not it; heard Maria say that Albert had written a saucy letter to her, and wanting her to write to him informing him where she was; she said he had told her he did not want to injure her, and would give her whatever she wanted; should be able to recognize the man who came to my house.

Priscilla Blood, or Ellen Wood, called—Knows Maria A. Bickford; has known her two years; she came to my house in Oak street, corner of Ash; heard her say that she was going to write to her husband, that she would not live with him any longer; she called herself Maria Bickford, and went by that name; I lived at Mr.

Lawrence's when Maria came there, about nine days ago; my room was opposite hers, at the head of the stairs; she called me to her room on Wednesday last, and introduced me to a man named Albert Tirrell; she said she went out last Tuesday, and met the man, and he came home with her; could not tell whether he stayed all night; he came every day and in the evening; think I saw him go out two mornings, about seven o'clock; thinks she saw him on Sunday, in the afternoon; saw him go up stairs; thinks he went away about six o'clock; did not see him in the evening, but supposed he was there; she came to my room and said she wanted some water for Albert; this was at nine o'clock; they had some words in the afternoon; they were quite angry, but they afterwards made up; she said she liked to get mad, they had such a good time making up; he stayed there all night; did not notice his dress; she asked how I liked his vest and cravat, (the same shown in court;) about five o'clock heard a scream, which partly woke me up; this was about five o'clock; after this heard a fall on the floor; there appeared to be walking down stairs; I opened the door and saw the fire; the man who was sleeping with me immediately opened the window and cried fire; I became frightened at the fire; saw Mrs. Lawrence pulling the clothes down stairs; heard a scream in the yard, as of a person in much pain; I put my clothes into my trunk, and the man carried it down stairs; did not go back for half an hour; saw the body on the floor, near the fireplace, her throat cut from ear to ear; did not notice the body; have seen the cane frequently in his hand; never saw the razor before; never knew Tirrell by any other name; could identify him easily; saw him throw four letters into the fire; think I have seen the letter produced in court, signed Mary Ann Cassimer; it is not Mrs. Bickford's; does not know Mrs. Bickford's handwriting; DeWolf brought the letter from Mary Ann Cassimer; saw the saucy letter; it said if she did not meet him she would regret it; that there were warrants out for him; (ring shown;) thinks she never saw it; don't know where it came from.

John Patterson called and sworn—Has seen Mrs. Bickford; has never seen either Tirrell or DeWolf; was at the house of Mr. L. on Sunday night; heard a loud talking about nine o'clock, in the other room; supposes it came from Maria's room; was waked up and got up, and saw the fire coming through the door from the entry; opened the window and intended jumping out; I was greatly alarmed; don't think I made any alarm; went into the front entry, and saw Mrs. L. drawing the burning clothes down stairs; I did not go into the room at all; never saw any one there; they were disputing about something in Mrs. B.'s room.

Sarah Elizabeth Lawrence called—Am twelve years old; don't know what the nature of an oath is. Dismissed.

Joel Frances Lawrence called—Am fifteen years old; I go to Sunday school—do not know the nature of an oath; knew Maria B.; she had been to our house more than a week; have seen the man who came to our house, once or twice; should know him again; he came on Sunday, in the afternoon; never saw his vest; saw him go up stairs about eight o'clock that night; went to bed at nine o'clock; don't know whether he stayed there all night or not; in the morning heard a scream in the yard; slept with my father; went out, and saw mother throwing out clothes; have seen the cane before; did not go into the room until the fire was out; saw a woman on the floor, near the fireplace, with her throat cut; went to the post office for letters several times; I asked some times for Maria Johnson, and at others for Maria Bickford; got three letters, directed differently; never took any letters to the post-office; does not recognize the letter shown.

Thomas Bowker called—Resides at the corner of Charles and Pinckney streets; am foreman of No. 6 engine; was awakened by the cry of fire on Monday morning between four and five o'clock; found the fire was back of the stable; went out and saw a wagon with two men in it, in front of the stable; passed a man in the open lot, coming from the fire, who said, "Mr. Fireman, you are too late;" does not know the man; he got into the wagon, and drove off; went to the fire and saw Mr. Lawrence; he said there had been a little fire, but that it was all out now; I went up stairs and found the fire issuing from the closet; it was five minutes before we could get water; we finally extinguished the fire; they all appeared indifferent about the fire; I could get no assistance but from the boy; with some difficulty we succeeded in getting the fire out, with the assistance of Mr. Hatch, without making much of an alarm; after the fire was out I asked Mr. L. to open a window in the rear to let the smoke out; he said he could not; I then entered the room, and stumbled over something that I took for a body; I called for a light, and told Mr. L. that there was some one on the floor; he brought a light, and I found deceased

lying on her back, near the fireplace; there was a large gash in her throat; we waited until the smoke cleared away, and then went into the room; her clothes, except those burned off, were gathered about her breast; the watchman came, and we sent for the coroner; her head was nigh the bedpost, near the fireplace; a watchman picked up the razor; it lay by her side, near her head; saw the razor case, which was picked up from the bed; knows nothing of the parties; saw the basin filled with bloody water, and saw marks upon the wall; no one could have left the room while I was there; saw the vest and cane there; we threw a sheet over the body; it was impossible for the fire to communicate to the different points on fire; the door leading to Mrs. B.'s room was open; could not describe the carriage; thinks they were some passers-by, who stopped from curiosity; could not recognize the man who accosted me in the street.

Joseph Hatch called—Lives at No. 2 Mount Vernon Avenue, adjoining Mr. Lawrence's house; was awakened about five o'clock by a cry of fire, and opened the window; I went into the avenue leading to L.'s house; when I arrived at the house I heard a noise on the stairs; heard Mrs. Lawrence say, "Go up stairs, for the house is on fire;" took a bucket of water and went up stairs; did not know where the fire was situated; found the fire, and threw the water on it; the room was full of smoke, and the fire confined to the inner room; by an accident I was shut into the room, and Mr. Bowker released me; Captain Bowker shortly after called me to look at the body; it was laying about east and west, the shoulders lying between the foot-posts of the bedstead; there was a deep wound in the neck; the body was much burned; I went for the coroner; the boy was very busy carrying water, but does not think the father was very active.

Oliver Thompson called—I keep with Mr. Fullam, in Bowdoin square; was called upon about five o'clock, to take a man out of town; a gentleman came to the door; I asked what he wanted, and he said a horse; I struck a light; he did not come into the house; I said I will see if you can get a horse; he said his name was James Garrett; Mr. Fullam directed me to get the horse; G. stood at the door until I was ready; he then said he would go away and come back in a few minutes; we went in a wagon; we went to Weymouth; am not acquainted in the country; he directed me; I stopped at W. a few minutes; we went over two bridges; took the turnpike, then turned off to the right; after going three miles we stopped, about seven o'clock; the people were not yet up; the house was a small low white house, with a store; I passed a church and church-yard; no one came out to meet the man; he went in at the back way; he told me to wait a few minutes; a lady came with him to the door, and he told me to tell Mr. Fullam he would call and pay him in a few days; he stated that he had come near getting into a difficulty, and he wanted to go to his wife's father; I judged it was his wife who came to the door; she was a nice looking woman; he had on a glazed cap and a sack coat; he did not appear excited; could not say he had gloves on, or that he had a cane; he did not appear to be in a great hurry; he set on the back seat of the wagon, and was out of sight; he asked for this description of carriage; he had no baggage; if I should be asked to convey a passenger to Weymouth, without his specifying the kind of vehicle, I should take a buggy; think I should recognize the man again; was a genteel looking man, with sandy hair; should think him about twenty-five years old, about five or six feet in height; he called for Mr. Fullam; think I have seen him before.

The inquest here took a recess until three o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON.

The Jury, after a recess of little over an hour, again assembled, and proceeded with the investigation:

Daniel Ware, Jr., called and sworn—Knows Albert J. Tirrell; never had much acquaintance with him; have seen him every day for ten or twelve days past; have known him for a fortnight; he invited me to drive out with him to the muster; saw him at No. 11 Elm street, Saturday week; saw him in Sudbury street last Saturday; knew Mrs. Bickford by sight; never heard Tirrell say any thing about her; recognizes the vest, and cravat, and cane, as worn by Tirrell; Tirrell has often got vehicles of Mr. Fullam; never was intimate with him; he usually wore a sack overcoat, trimmed with braid, and striped pants and glazed cap; should recognize him easily; he wore a dark colored coat, with bright buttons, sometimes.

Charles P. Wilson called—Keeps books at Doolittle's, No. 9 Elm street; A. DeWolf came there on 2d of October; wrote the name himself; left and came

there again on the 10th; found A. J. Tirrell on the book the same day; don't know who wrote it; DeWolf hailed from New York; Weymouth was set opposite the name of Tirrell on the book of the 10th of October; don't know how the name of Tirrell came on the book; DeWolf was a tall man, twenty-two or twenty-three years of age; never had any conversation with him; his room was No. 12; he paid his bill on Thursday or Friday last; left his baggage; don't recollect seeing him on Thursday or Friday; he wore some times a black coat and some times a sack; never saw him wear a hat; don't know whether he came to the hotel at night or not; should know him again; does not know whether he shaved himself or not; does not recognize the razor; a person called for him, Tirrell, and I told him there was no such person; some letters came for DeWolf; the baggage was marked De Wolf; does not know whether he was at the house on Sunday or not.

The witnesses having been all examined, the jury retired, and in about half an hour returned with the following verdict :

That the said Maria A. Bickford came to her death on the morning of October 27th, 1845, by wounds inflicted by one Albert J. Tirrell, otherwise called Albert J. DeWolf, with a razor, cutting her throat in a manner to cause instant death. And the jurors aforesaid, on their oaths, do say, that the said Albert J. Tirrell, otherwise called Albert J. DeWolf, of his malice aforethought, the said Maria Bickford, otherwise called Maria A. Bickford, did kill and murder, against the peace of this Commonwealth and the laws of the same.

JABEZ PRATT, *Coroner*,
ARTEMAS SIMONDS, *Foreman*,
DANIEL MERRILL,
JOSEPH MORIARTY,
THOMAS HOLLIS,
CHARLES BROWN,
ROBERT WHITWELL.

FINIS.

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THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
MRS. MARIA BICKFORD,

A Beautiful Female, who was

INHUMANLY MURDERED,

In the Moral and Religious City of Boston, on the
night of the 27th of October, 1845, by

ALBERT J. TIRRELL,

Her Paramour, arrested on board the Ship Sultana,
off New Orleans, December 6th.



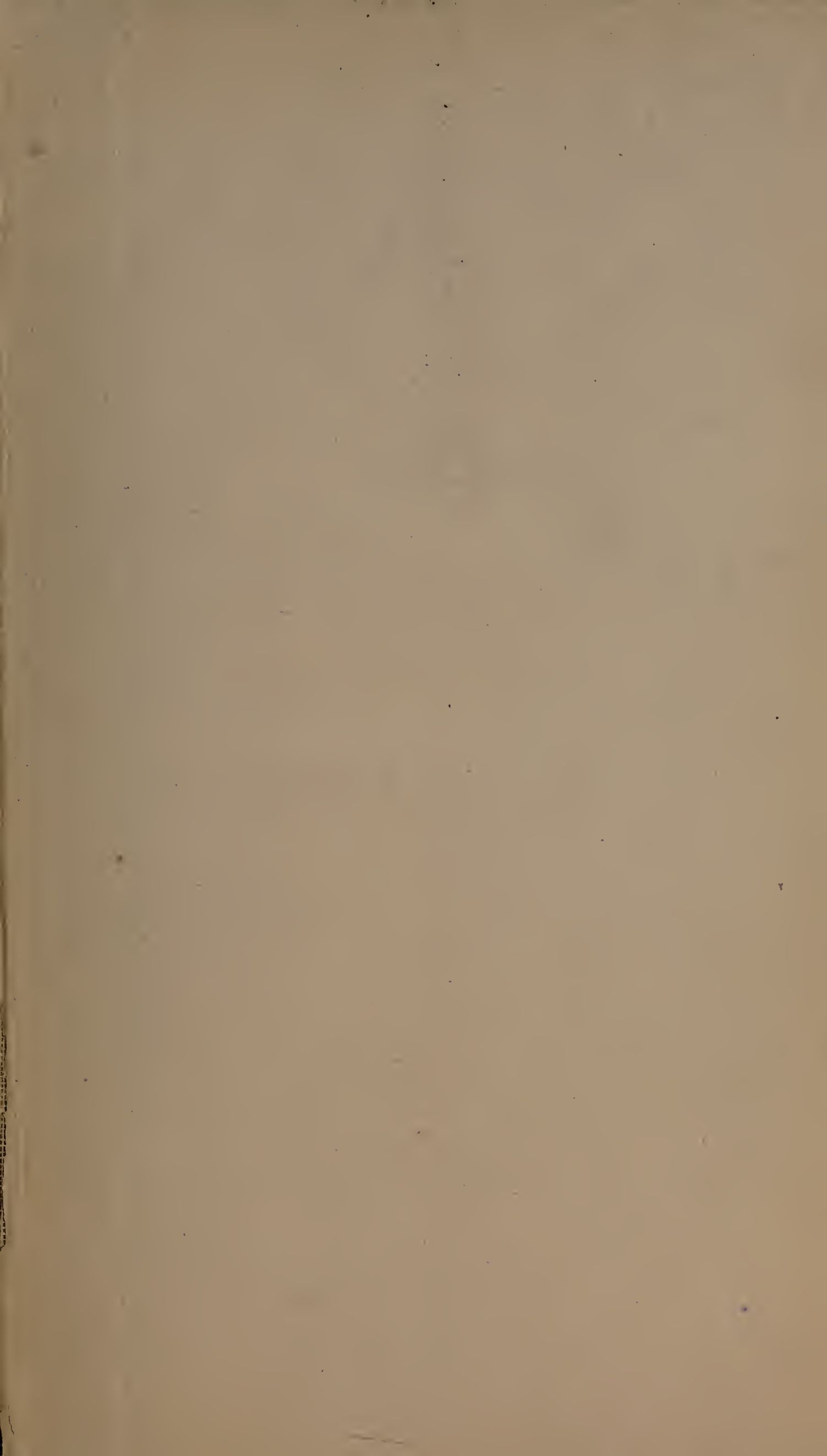
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(Lilas Wilcox)

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